



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

mutton chop, and a cup of muddy coffee in chambers. I have said he will not be promoted in his profession—the Vice-Chancellor's decree, compelling him to restore the property of which, when an attorney he had spoliated an unfortunate client, and to restore it with costs, has left a brand upon his character, and placed, I hope, an insurmountable obstacle in his way to the Bench. The pure ermine of justice must not be sullied with so foul a contamination. What a contrast do pettifogging practices, like this, exhibit to the virtuous lives and spotless characters of Lord Tenterden and Chief Justice Tindall—and what a moral lesson may be drawn from such a circumstance, to deter mankind from the commission of fraudulent and selfish acts! An attorney commits a fraud, abandons his profession, becomes a lawyer: twenty years after, when he has risen to eminence, his fraud is dragged to light, publicly exposed, and his moral character for ever blasted. Knavery, even in this world, will assuredly meet with its punishment, and the punishment of Sergeant Wilde, will be *neglect*. Money he may make to his heart's desire, but a sense of what is due to public opinion, will restrain any ministry from elevating to the sacred office of a dispenser of justice one who has been guilty of injustice. A British Judge should be a man of erect and independent mind, of singleness of purpose, and integrity of heart: book-learning is not enough. The vast acquirements of a Sir Matthew Hale, place him high on the splendid catalogue of English Judges—history records his talents; but it is his unshaken love of justice, his fearless honesty which consecrates his name.

W

#### WHAT ELOQUENCE DOST THOU LOVE BEST?

What eloquence dost *thou* love best—  
The lyre, the lamp, the tongue, the eye;  
Which vary here our strange unrest,  
By every shade of fear or joy?

The lyre disturbed by warrior fingers,  
Rouses the passions into strife:  
When beauty wakes the tone, it lingers  
Around the gentler springs of life;  
Soothes the hurt spirit's fitful sadness—  
Exults in love or war's brief madness;  
Giving to all a thrilling zest—  
What eloquence dost *thou* love best?

The lamp to study pale has brought  
The treasures of the ebbing past;  
Whose hours are years of struggling thought—  
But life on earth shall death outlast—  
Whose mind, self-lumined, like a star,  
Looks out to men and things afar,  
By love of wondrous lore opprest—  
What eloquence dost *thou* love best?

The tongue, persuasion's golden flood,  
Gushing from depth of heart and brain,  
Rolls o'er the ready multitude,  
With turbid wave on wave amain;  
And pealing shout, and glancing brand  
Answer the tyrannous command,  
And glorious praise from every breast—  
What eloquence dost *thou* love best?

The eye, when flashing conscious power,  
 Or bent in far and thoughtful slumbers,  
 Adds might to genius' happiest hour,  
 And sympathy to music's numbers ;  
 Releasing thoughts for words too bright,  
 By a mute language of pure light,  
 To all revealed, by all exprest—  
 What eloquence dost *thou* love best ?

Newcastle, Feb. 1831.

J. L. L.

#### AN OCCURRENCE OF THE LAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

In the good old days, or as an Irishman would say, the real *noctes ambrosiana*, when shops were not called saloons, nor markets bazaars, when hair-dressers did not advertise as artists, "*pour couper les cheveux*," and charity sermons were not jobbing speculations—which period, for exactness sake, we will lay down about seventy years ago—lived the Dowager Lady Brindon, the disconsolate widow of three worthy and short-lived consorts. Whether this occurred by fate, or the singular good fortune of the lady, is not for me to hint at ; certain it is that she obtained and got rid of them all at a quicker pace than the young ladies of the present time, albeit pupils of Logier and Montague, can reasonably calculate on being able to waltz away their helpmates' properties, or music themselves into a suit of sables. Lady Brindon, at the time of our story, had been twenty years or so a widow, and never could be prevailed on, or, as she said herself, to listen to a suitor's vows after the last irreparable affliction. She inhabited a large gloomy looking mansion, which, by an ancient map of our metropolis, I find to have stood in the centre of a field not far from M—— church, as the building mania had not encroached so far then into the country, as in our house-making, house-breaking generation. The house was surrounded by a high dead wall ; and the mouldy wooden gate was never unbarred, except to two chosen and favourite visitors ; she was immensely rich, kept up a numerous suite of servants, (there never was a relative seen at her table,) went twice a year to the Castle, once a quarter disturbed the dust in her crimsoned cushioned pew in Christ Church, and amused herself the remainder of the day with her old china, and the novels of Fielding. Her "*une grande passion*" was cards ; every variety of game (I am wrong, she did not play *ecarte*,) that the invention of Hoyle could devise, were as familiar to her as quacking to Dr. L——, or punning to Sam Rogers ; they were her manuscripts, her library. She played high, bragged with spirit, and always wagered considerably on the "odd trick." I am told that when she lost, her anger, her fury was dreadful ; she would curse the winners, and, dashing the gold on the table, pour an entire flask of wine into a large heraldic-mounted silver goblet, and drain it at a draught. One of her companions was a great tragedian, who is condemned to immortality in the writings of him "who blazed the comet of a season"—a man of great talent, who brought her all the newest and most sinful tales of scandal—revived her spirits, when she was low, by quoting Voltaire and Marmontel, and calmed her conscience by the aid of French philosophy. He was invaluable, for he was also her ladyship's butt, and he bore it all, as he expected a legacy ; and he got one—a stuffed parrot. The last of the respectable triumvirate was a gentleman who exercised the profession of medical doctor, and who, from rather a